

My Hippocratic Oath

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Summary: [Complete] ONE SHOT. Another crossover for writing practice. Set in Half-Life 2 Universe. Summary: The struggles of a broken man as the world falls apart around him.

My Hippocratic Oath

A/N: This is yet another small One-Shot to practice writing for the sake of improvement. It was initially generated by a concept my friend proposed. I think it turned out pretty well, let me know what you think.

This IS a cross-over. See how quickly you can figure it out, I don't think it should be too hard.

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Ashes and smoke filled the sky. There was the rumble of an explosion in the distance. Bullets whizzed by not thirty feet from where the man was working, his safety guarded only by two able-bodied soldiers stationed outside the building. But he was unfazed. Years of training had made his movements swift, precise, and automatic. Compared to his previous occupation, his current services were of no inconvenience to him. Even though his facilities were no more than a small, rickety building fortified by scrap metal, he had turned it into an impromptu clinic, a rally point for the Resistance members fighting outside. The man he was treating groaned.

"Save your breath. You'll be out there getting yourself shot again soon."

"T-thank youâ€¦| Doctor."

The Doctor scowled.

"The world has ended. I doubt these pleasantries are necessary."

The man stayed silent, wincing occasionally. The Doctor continued his work. He finished bandaging the man and tied the rest of the gauze in a tight knot.

"See you soon!" the Doctor said in a false cheerful tone.

The patient nodded and hoisted his weapon.

"You're a good man, Doctor. We'd be lost without you."

With that, the man rushed back out onto the battlefield, leaving the Doctor in his thoughts.

"It's not like I'd be much use elsewhere."

The Doctor limped heavily to his makeshift table and sat down. He rubbed his leg with a practiced motion. The constant adrenaline associated with being on a battlefield usually made him forget, but it would always come back, reminding him of the past. It had been about a decade since the aliens — the Resistance members called them the Combine — attacked Earth, bringing it down in a matter of hours. Needless to say, doctors and other medical professionals were needed now more than ever. The human race was fighting a losing battle to chase out this new alien threat.

The Doctor sighed and closed his eyes. The years had taken a toll on the weary man. Forced to witness the destruction of the hospital he loved and the death of friends he had always been too stubborn to acknowledge, the Doctor had changed. He was more resigned than defiant now. His face showed his age even more so than before, the wrinkles a testament to the stress of going from a diagnostician to a field medic. He no longer had the energy to snap at flustered patients — they were all scared of dying, even more so of being captured. He couldn't remember his last respite; he was pretty much on call 24/7 now. He had, however, managed to retain his bitter sarcasm; it was the only thing keeping him sane through these times. He heard the sound of footsteps and grudgingly opened his eyes.

"Doctor! Help! They sent manhacks!"

A young man burst into the room, carrying a young woman. Her left arm and side had been torn open from the whirling blades of those infernal devices the Combine used. The Doctor cursed softly. He preferred bullet wounds to massive lacerations.

The young woman gasped in pain, her eyes unfocused, tears leaking out of the corners. The young man stared fearfully at her face, looking lost and helpless. Even as he stood there, a small puddle of blood was beginning to form at his feet. The Doctor growled angrily.

"Well don't just stand there! Get her on the table!"

The young man jumped, startled, and hurried to set the young woman on the table. She cried out as he set her down. The young man knelt down and started talking to her in a slightly panicked voice.

"Hang in there, Jennifer. The Doctor will save you. Just hold on!"

The Doctor limped over with a first-aid kit

"I'm not God, kid. I'll do what I can, now scram."

The young man took a couple steps back and stood to the side, wringing his hands. The Doctor sighed, opened the first-aid kit, and surveyed the damage. He noticed that the young woman, Jennifer, had been quite lucky. The lacerations were relatively shallow on her sides thanks to the bulletproof vest. The more pressing issue was the cuts in her arm, which appeared to be the source of most of the bleeding. The Doctor suspected the blades had nicked a major artery. He started work on the arm, stitching the serrated flesh and covering it with a salve, cloth, and gauze. There was a faint tinge as blood leaked through the cover, but the bleeding seemed to have slowed. His pace slowed as he began to tend to her other wounds. He turned to the young man, instructing him.

"Help me hold her. I need to wrap this around her side."

The young man nodded, seemingly eager to help.

"Will she be okay?"

The young man had a pleading look in his eyes.

"She'll be fine. Man up. You look like a lost puppy."

The young man smiled sheepishly and continued holding Jennifer up. She moaned every so often, keeping her eyes closed. The Doctor finished and straightened himself.

"There are cots in the back. Get her in one of them. Let me know if anything changes."

"Thank you, Doctor!"

The young man gently lifted Jennifer and carried her off into the back room.

The Doctor once again limped back to his chair and sat down, slumping into his seat. Things had seemed to be looking up lately. They had received reports from the Resistance in City 17 that there was some kind of Messiah called the Free Man. A rather pompous title, the Doctor had scoffed at the news. However, he was secretly thankful for the news as it gave a much needed boost of morale to the Resistance. At the same time, some part of him bitterly mentioned that they would be just as likely, if not more so, of dying on the battlefield.

He reminisced on his team. He couldn't even begin to count how many times since the war he had wished they were here to help, or even just to talk to. Closing his eyes, he took a well deserved break.

There was gunfire outside; nothing uncommon, though a part of his brain noted that it seemed to be getting closer. More gunfire. It was definitely getting closer. The Doctor's eyes snapped open and he sat up. Two bursts outside and he heard the two guards outside fall. The door was kicked open. Two armored soldiers marched in, masks a dirty white in stark contrast with the black of their uniform. The one on

the left held a shotgun, goggles glowing orange red, while the one on the right held a Combine-issued pulse rifle, this one seemed to be in charge.

"Doctor, what's goingâ€¦!"

The young man from earlier had come around the corner to investigate the noise. His words were cut off by a fierce blow from the soldier's shotgun. The young man collapsed in a heap, unconscious. The Doctor winced, glancing at his form.

Thoughts raced through the Doctor's mind. Though his face appeared neutral, he prepared himself for the end.

"Hold." The soldier on the right said.

He showed his partner something on a portable receiver.

"Take him." The same soldier ordered.

The soldier with the shotgun approached him.

"You, come with us."

A command. The Doctor breathed out slightly and, with some difficulty, stood and limped over. They escorted him outside, where he saw the fallen bodies of his two guards. The rest of the Resistance were either dead or had retreated into nearby buildings. The Doctor looked around and, with a small sigh of relief, noted that there weren't many casualties. The two soldiers lead him to a nearby drop ship.

"Get in."

He did as he was told. The ship took off, soaring over the dilapidated ruins of City 10. Many had left when the fighting began; some still considered it their home. Their ship soared towards the looming citadel, stretching high into the heavens like a titan reaching for the heavens. Their strange organic vessel glided gracefully through the vast, metal halls within the structure. They came to a halt and the two soldiers showed him out. The Doctor was lead to a lift, which started to rise. He watched as the shrinking figures of the two soldiers returned to the ship, no doubt to return to the field.

The lift came to a gentle halt and the glass doors opened. Cautiously, or at least as cautiously as one can limp, the Doctor exited the lift, looking around. A voice sounded, surprising the Doctor.

"I was surprised to see you still here! I would have thought you'd left this place by now!"

The Doctor spun towards the voice. He recognized it, even though it had been years since he last heard the voice.

"You! What are you doing here!"

A sharply dressed man stood behind a large desk. Though he lacked his stethoscope, he seemed to have retained his white coat. Never had a

sight been so shocking and relieving at the same time.

"I'm in charge of this citadel, of course."

The Doctor flung an arm out in frustration.

"But you died in that explosion! I saw it happen!"

The man smiled bitterly, glancing away.

"Mm not quite. See, I got out in time. Can't say the same for the others though."

The man walked towards his desk. He reached into a drawer and pulled something out.

"You left this at the hospital."

He tossed something towards the Doctor. The Doctor caught it instinctively. He stared at it. A plain wooden cane. It had been ages since he had used it. The solid wood felt right in his hands. He spun it slightly, remembering, and then faced the man again, face hardening. This action made the lines in his face deepen, giving him a gaunt, sickly look.

"So, you still haven't answered my question. What are you doing here?"

The man frowned, as if puzzled by the query.

"I said I was in charge didn't I? Are you feeling alright?"

The Doctor limped forward. There was a nagging sensation within his chest. He had a sneaking suspicion just what had happened. However, despite all rationale, he continued to deny it.

"What did you do?" He repeated, more forcefully.

The man opened his mouth as if to say 'ah!' and spread his hands slightly.

"I found those aliens rather cooperative when they approached me and offered the position. Apparently, they wanted someone in an authoritative position. They wanted someone from the hospital to help with both medical and administrative duties. And, since after the explosion, everyone was dead and they couldn't find Cu"

"Don't."

The Doctor's voice came as a whisper. Its tone was cold enough to cause the man to halt in his explanation.

"Don't you dare say her name. Have you gone mad? Do you know what they are doing to us?"

The man look saddened. He sat down behind the desk, sighing. He placed his chin on interlocked fingers.

"I know. I've seen things. But this is the only way. They've got

complete control. We can only hope they'll leave us alone."

The Doctor looked angry. Teeth clenched, he slammed his cane against the cold metal floor.

"You idiot! You're a coward you know that? You've always been one. Why don't you secretly supply the Resistance with weaponry or something? You're in a position to do so!"

The man closed his eyes, as if in pain.

"I can't. They've got me on a short lease. For all intents and purposes, I'm just a poster boy. I only managed to tell them to keep an eye out for you. You're my friend and I wanted to give you the chance to work with me. We can both escape this madness!"

The Doctor growled under his breath.

"You'd sit here in comfort while people are out there, dying."

The man had no response for this. Neither did he look up at the Doctor.

"Enjoy your sheltered life of luxury while the rest of humanity dies. I'm going back."

The Doctor turned and began walking away.

"What? No! Don't you understand? There's no point! The Resistance will be crushed in a matter of weeks!"

The Doctor stopped, his back still turned.

"Then I'll help them out until they fall."

"This is insane! House, listen to yourself! You're one of the most brilliant individuals out there and you're throwing it all away! Is this what you want?"

The Doctor swallowed bitterly. When was the last time anyone had called him that? There was a twinge of sadness and regret within him. He stared forward, at the Combine Elite waiting to lead him out. Making up his mind, he turned slightly towards the man.

"Glad you're alive, Wilson."

With that, the Doctor, leaning against his cane, followed the Combine Elite out of the hall.

Crossover 2 " House, M.D. and Half-Life 2

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End
file.